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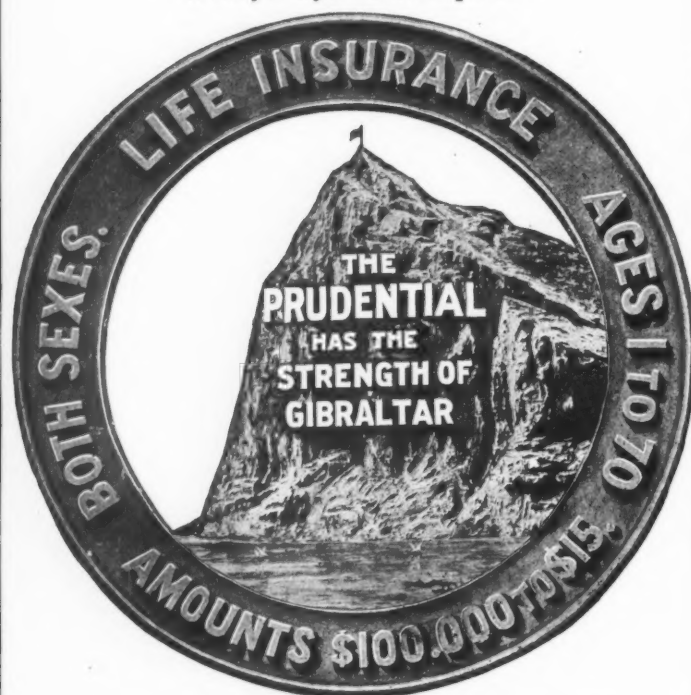
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—*Chicago Tribune.*

"The tale is rather poor."

The Bee, Sacramento.

"It is a delightful tale in every way."—*Army and Navy Journal, N. Y. City.*

A Gibson Proof Free



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"A KNOCK AT THE DOOR" is a picture of an episode in the life of two lovers. The two figures are drawn in Mr. Gibson's most characteristic style.

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LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 19 West 31st St., New York City

LIFE

The Chauffeur.

THE day was gloriously bright—
A royal, perfect day,
When peace and joy, in golden light,
On crest and valley lay.
Lo, sudden through its midst there veered
A whirling, huge machine
Wherein was crouched a goblin weird,
Swathed, visored, goggled green.
Athwart a flow'ry vale he tore—
He scurried up a hill—
And down again like mad he bore
All reckless of a spill.
The fields, high-arched by tender
skies,
Stretched fair on either hand;
Alas, in vain they wooed his
eyes—
'Twas but his watch he scanned!
A trail of dust behind him spread,
And oaths and shouts and
groans;
He stayed for living nor for dead,
For ruts nor sticks nor stones.
He grasped his lever with a smile
Betokening his glee—
"By Jove, I almost did that mile
In sixty-nine!" said he.

Edwin L. Sabin.

Wasted.

EDITOR: What we want
is a story containing a
real, good idea.

CONTRIBUTOR: Then why
didn't you say so before?
Here I have been reading the
back numbers of your maga-
zine for a clue.



THE DOLLY DIALOGUES.

Crush.

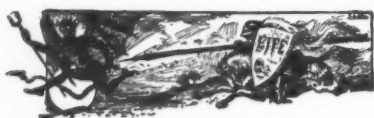
“THERE was a crush at the wedding, I
suppose?”

“Crush? Why, the ushers had to
form a flying wedge in order to get
the bridal party up to the altar!”

The Billionaire's Parting Precept.

“MY children, bless you! And remem-
ber this: Lay something by every
year, if it is only a few millions.”





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXIX. JAN. 23, 1902. No. 1004.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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"FLANNED fools at the wickets, and muddled oafs at the goals." So Mr. Kipling pays his respects to British sport in a column-long poem in the *London Times*. Whereat there is much cavilling, not entirely unmingled with consternation. What Mr. Kipling's outburst is interpreted to mean is conscription; the diversion of more of England's vigor and energy from sport and trade to military service.

As for the "flanned fools" and the "muddled oafs," readers of *Stalky* will recall the contemptuous attitude of *Stalky* and his two comrades towards cricket and football, and will infer that it is no new dislike that Mr. Kipling has taken to those institutions, but an old one that has burst restraint. It has been suggested before now that all England was overmuch given to sports and cultivated them to the neglect of work, but Mr. Kipling's charge that they are cultivated to the neglect of war is less familiar. After all, nothing about the poem is so remarkable as the immense amount of attention that has been paid to it. There is no good reason why Mr. Kipling's political advice should be thought to be of very

great value. He is a man of great gifts which have won him great popularity, but is there any ground for thinking him a particularly wise man? It would not appear so. When Lord Rosebery bids Englishmen read Motley's history of Holland's struggle against Spain, and remember Lord North's administration, and agree with their Boer adversary quickly at the first good chance, he seems wiser and more statesmanlike, and better deserving of respectful attention than Mr. Kipling.



THERE died in Warsaw, on January 6, Jean de Bloch, Councillor of State, banker, railroad expert and renowned advocate of Peace. It was he who wrote "The War of the Future," the book which is understood to have led to the Hague Conference in 1899. He was a wise man, who first demonstrated his capacity for affairs by making a fortune, and then won himself honor by his remarkable labors to relieve Europe and the world in general from the enormous burdens of militarism. It is too soon to say whether he accomplished anything that will last. The war habit is very, very old, and is fixed upon mankind lamentably tight, but M. de Bloch brought remarkable powers and very wide and thorough knowledge to oppose it, and so far, at least, his work stands, and gives promise of fulfilling his moderate hopes.

M. de Bloch was a rich Jew. The late Baron Hirsch was a rich Jew. M. Max Nordau, at the recent Zionist conference at Basle, complained with feeling of the degeneracy of Jewish millionaires, declaring that the richer a Jew was, the more he was lost to Jewry. Baron Hirsch, no doubt, was an exception, but if M. de Bloch is an instance of the rich Jew lost to Jewry, Jewry's loss seems very much the world's gain.



THE difficulties of the much-discussed Sunday rum question in

New York are very great. Only about one man in ten thousand in New York knows exactly what the present law is, and among those who do know there is great diversity of opinion as to how it can be bettered. Judge Jerome, Bishop Potter and Dr. Raines seem to think it would be better to have all the saloons open from one o'clock to eleven. Dr. Lyman Abbott wants either that or local option in every ward. Under the present law, or in spite of it, all the Raines law hotels sell drinks on Sunday, but keep their front doors shut and their side doors open. Governor Odell doesn't want any new liquor legislation at present, and is especially opposed to letting New York make any rules about keeping Sunday without the consent of the rest of the State. All that is certain is that drinks are going to be sold in New York on Sunday. Whether the business is to be legal or illegal, open or surreptitious, no man can say



THERE has been much discrepancy of statement in the newspapers as to a recent painful interview between General Miles and President Roosevelt. The General, having expressed himself imprudently about the result of the Schley inquiry, and being threatened with a reprimand, went to the White House to explain. One set of stories has it that the President assailed him at sight in the presence of other visitors and called him names. The other account is that the President received him courteously and begged him to wait in the Cabinet room for a moment until they could speak in private, but that the General couldn't wait, and would have it out then and there, and that some warmth of language ensued. Inasmuch as no comment on this incident is worth anything unless it can be determined which set of stories is true, further talk about it might as well be delegated to the future historian, with hopes that he may conclude that it doesn't matter much anyway.



ANOTHER SACRIFICE.

Extremely Secret.

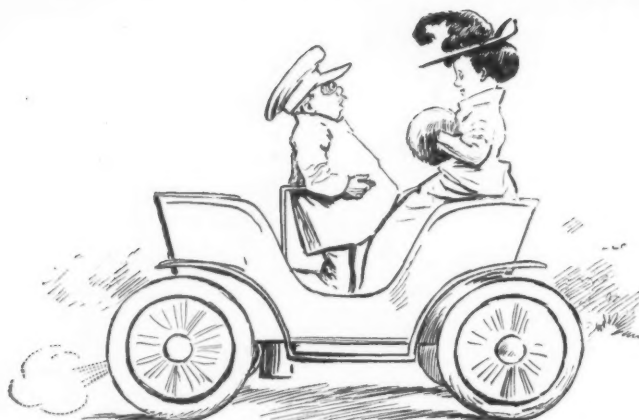
FUJIT: The widow says that her marriage to Gobang was secret.

LIJIT: It must have been. Gobang himself did not mention the widow in his will, so he could not have known of the wedding.

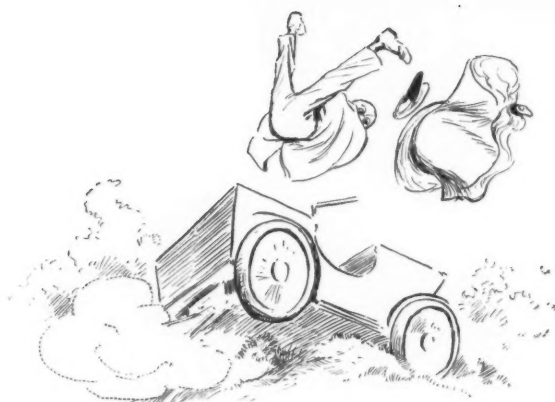
Unsafe.

NODD : Every time I hear that minister, it makes me want to be a better man.

MRS. TODD : Why don't you go to hear him oftener?
 " But I don't want to lose all my self-respect."



"Oh, Mr. Swift, this



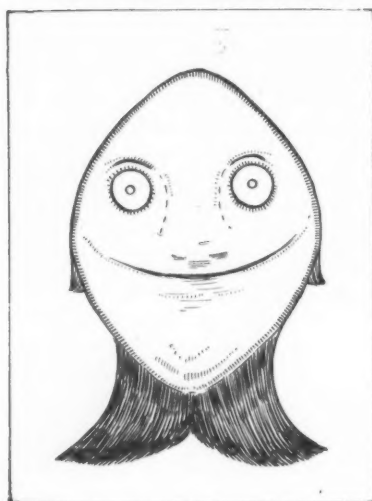
is—



STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S new book, *Count Hannibal*, may be taken as a companion piece to *A Gentleman of France* in that it gives a picture of the massacre of St. Bartholomew from the standpoint of the court. Mr. Weyman shows himself still master of the style which, to our early delight and subsequent despair, he rendered so popular ten years ago. (Longmans, Green and Company, \$1.50.)

The sixth volume of Harper's "Portrait

HE IS NOTHING BUT A FLOUNDER.



A DEEP IMPRESSION.

TO THOSE IN NEPTUNE'S REALM,
HE LOOKS A WISE AND JOLLY ROUNDER;
TO US WHO LIVE ON MOTHER EARTH—



THE ORIGINAL PILGRIMS.

Collection" of short stories contains selections from the recent work of John Kendrick Bangs, and is called *Over the Plum-Pudding*. Mr. Bangs is so constantly before the reading public that it is only necessary to say that these skits are thoroughly characteristic. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.15.)

The Garden of a Commuter's Wife, by "The Gardener," is chatty, informal and attractive. The interest centers not in the author's plot, but in her point of view; not in her characters, but in her conversation. Reading it is like the memory of pleasant talks with a congenial friend. (The Macmillan Company.)

Both the characters and the plot of *An Oklahoma Romance*, by Helen Churchill

Candee, develop from an early promise of individuality into the hackneyed types of an unconvincing melodrama. The author shows abilities that might well grace a simpler theme. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

We are glad to see the first volume of the Temple Edition of the Bible. It consists of *The Book of Genesis*, with an excellent introductory treatise by the editor, A. H. Sayce. The complete work will be in twenty pocket-size volumes, beautifully printed and bound. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. 60c.)

The Making of a Country Home is by J. P. Mowbray, whose charming pastoral, *A Journey to Nature*, appeared last spring. It is an account of the escape of one man of



so sudden!"

moderate means from "canned life" in New York, and is sufficiently practical to appeal chiefly to those of like desires. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

Other Famous Homes of Great Britain contains twelve well-illustrated articles descriptive of English country seats. It is one of the most effective of the "gift books," those delights of the Christmas shopper and the book agent. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Delphine and Other Poems." By L. Adda Nichols. (The Whitaker and Ray Company, San Francisco, Cal. \$1.00.)

"The Liars," an original comedy in four acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. (The Macmillan Company. 75c.)

"The Colburn Prize," a story of girls for girls. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. (J. F. Taylor and Company. \$1.00)

"With Lead and Line Along Varying Shores." A book of poems. By Charles Henry Webb. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)

Echoes from the 1000th Number.

From PHILADELPHIA:

DEAR LIFE: Thy Faithful everywhere,
Who love a cheerful Alkoran,
Long turned their faces towards the East,
Long heard thy mild muezzin call
And offered thee their censers' praise.

Now a new era dawns, and now
To all thy Faithful there has come
The day of joy that they await
Who watch for a millennium.

From the Dial, CHICAGO:

The issue of LIFE for December 26th constitutes its one thousandth number, and pleasantly bespeaks the permanence and prosperity of this sprightly publication. LIFE is something more than the best of our

humorous weeklies; on its serious side it is as fearless a power for truth and right thinking as we have in the periodical world to-day.

From GEORGIA:

Dear LIFE: Your reminiscential mood in the current (25th, I think) was exquisite. But you haven't a word to say for a free press, the while that pitiful slave of a Madden is making the strenuous Teddy's administration absurd. But then it is so far below your "point of view" that you cannot be supposed to take note of the fact that the "bone to labor"—as Depew calls him—is doing his utmost to suppress "ideas." Perhaps you haven't had the evidence. Well, it is plentiful.

You are certainly old enough to know that an ounce of Justice is worth a ton of Charity. Yet you are "long" on Charity and "short" on Justice. You *must* be an

Episcopalian. They are so charitable. Did you ever hear Bob Toombs's (of Jawgy, sah!) skit on the Episcopalians? He said that they were the happiest sect extant; that the two topics that absorbed the rest of humanity the Episcopalians didn't care a d—n for—Politics and Religion.

Well, I reckon you're filling a mission.
Yours,
A Reader.
MACON, GA., Dec. 27.

From BOSTON:

I had not supposed that the opinions of individuals concerning your paper had any interest for you, but I am rather glad to think that I may have been mistaken. In any case, your review of LIFE's history in its thousandth number encourages me to put forth my own opinion of the paper. . . . I bought the first number, and the subsequent numbers, too, whenever I was within reach of a news-stand. LIFE may be a better journal than it was; I presume it is better; but certainly I have never read it in these later years with the same keen relish as when LIFE was new and I was young. LIFE



BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

"TAKE YOUR CHOICE: EITHER WALK THIS PLANK, OR FIGURE AS THE HERO OF AN AMERICAN HISTORICAL NOVEL."

and I do not always agree. We differ sometimes almost bitterly. But I am sure that LIFE is always honest and independent to an extent that is true of few journals. When we differ I let the broad mantle of my charity cover you. We cannot all have the true light. . . . Will you take my congratulations for the success, literary, artistic and financial, you have achieved; and with them my very sincere wish for continued and increased prosperity, and—if it is possible—an even better LIFE.

Very truly yours,

From NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Dec. 25, 1901.

Dear LIFE: By your issue of December 26th, I note a curious run on upper-case M's in your office—Masson, Martin, Miller, Metcalfé, Mitchell—m'-m'-m. Just how many ems wide is your office to contain this lot of M's—and, say, LIFE, are they all "old body" ems?

Remember me to "the boy." C. P. R.

Fit.

THE Committee on Pulpit Supply had considered the applicant's taste in neckties and his wife's social antecedents, and found them satisfactory.

There remained only the question of his theology.

"In theology," reported the sub-committee appointed to look into this matter, "the applicant occupies safe middle ground. While he does not, on the one hand, hold that it is as hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, he does not rush to the opposite extreme and teach that it is as easy for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as it is for him to keep out of jail."

The main question being put, it was voted to extend a call.

Too Primitive.

WE read in *The Animals' Defender* that at the October meeting of the American Humane Association in Buffalo, one of the delegates seized the opportunity to attack the antivivisection position. We never could see just how a vivisectionist could feel at home in a "humane society." How a reasoning being can object to a horse being beaten on the street for the "benefit of humanity," and endorse the cutting up alive of the same animal in a building, and for the same purpose, remains an enigma to us.

The only solution LIFE can offer is that your real vivisector is probably annoyed by the unscientific and wasted effort displayed by the horse beater. Such a process would not usually meet the disapproval of a man in the constant habit of causing infinitely greater pain with far less effort.

At Home.

At home to-night, alone with Dot,
I loaf my soul and care not what
In worlds beyond may come or go.
Four walls, a roof, to brave the snow,
Suffice to bound this Eden-spot.

Dot has her sewing things; I've got
My pipe, a glass of something hot,
And Dot herself—the world's aglow
At home to-night.

As lovers in some golden plot
The poet weaves of Camelot,
We feel apart from earth. We know
The servant in the hall below
Will tell whoever calls we're not
At home to-night.

J. A. Daly.

Life's Anecdote Contest.

Many contributions to this contest have been rejected because they did not comply with the conditions, which will be found in our advertising pages.

It should be borne in mind by contestants that anecdotes already familiar to the reading public are not desirable.

The more humor there is in each anecdote the more likely it will be to have a place in this department.

NUMBER 16.

ONE of the fiercest agitations which ever swept over Ireland was that in the early Thirties for the abolition of the tithes paid to the clergy of the Established Church. The tithe-proctors—the men who collected the impost, or, in default of payment, seized the stock of the Catholic peasants—were objects of intense popular hatred. As an old, simple priest sat in the confessional of a country chapel, awaiting penitents, a rough youth entered to confess his sins. What he had to relate to the priest was very sanguinary indeed. "Four murders!" exclaimed the good father, in horror. "Now, will ye have me believe ye're been killin' all yer family?" "No, yer riverence, they wasn't me own flesh and blood at all," said the penitent. "And who was they, thin?" inquired the confessor. "Well,

Father, they wor tithe-proctors.' 'Tithe-proctors is it ye say?' exclaimed the priest. 'Now, why didn't ye tell me that at first, and not to be takin' up me time that way? Get out of here! Ye don't come here to gossip, but to confess yer sins.'"

From "Irish Life and Character."

Thomas Whittaker, New York, 1890.

NUMBER 17.

Somebody asked the Baron to take venison. "No," said the Baron, "I never eatsh wenshon; I don't think it ish so cootash mutton." "Oh!" said the Baron's friend, "I wonder at your saying so; if mutton were not better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?" "Vy?" replied the Baron. "I will tell you vy—in dlah world de peeples alwaysh prefers vat ish deer to vat ish sheep."

This is called by some a Jew de mots, and by others a Jew d'esprit.

From "Life and Remains of Theodore Hook" (vol. 2, p. 268).

Richard Bentley, London, 1840.

NUMBER 18.

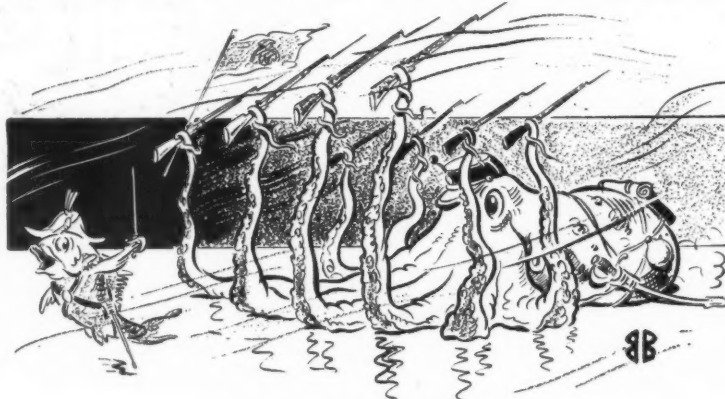
One day, Mackintosh, having vexed him by calling O'Coigly "a rascal," Parr immediately rejoined, "Yes, Jamie, he was a bad man, but he might have been worse; he was an Irishman, but he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, but he might have been a lawyer; he was a republican, but he might have been an apostate."

From "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers" (p. 48).

D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1856.

NUMBER 19.

One of the eccentricities of that most penurious of pedagogues, Dr Barrett, was that he hardly ever appeared outside the walls of Trinity College, conducting his modest ménage there with the help of a decrepit old housekeeper, who attended to all his wants, even to daily fetching from a near-by dairy the half-pennyworth of milk needed in the establishment. When one frosty morning, Mary, going on this errand, slipped and broke her leg, the worthy doctor for the first time in years left the college to pay her a visit in the hospital. On reaching her cot, it is



SUBMARINE MILITARY TYPES.

THE ARM-Y OCTOPUS.



THE OPERA SEASON IS NOW ON.

related that his sympathetic greeting was: "Hello, Mary; so you broke your leg; I suppose you broke the jug, too, but where is the half-penny?"

From "Jingles and Jars."

M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin, 1893.

NUMBER 20.

Enmegahbowh told me the following incident which occurred when he was on a visit to Washington with some Indian chiefs. They were dining at a hotel, and one of the number, seeing a white man use pepper-sauce, took the bottle when passed to him and shook it over his plate. After taking a mouthful of the fiery condiment, he kept an immovable countenance, although he could not prevent the tears from coming. His neighbor asked him why he was crying, and the answer came, "I am thinking of my dead grandmother." A moment after the second Indian took the bottle and used it with the same lachrymose result. The first man leaned toward him and asked, "What are you crying for?" "I am crying," was the answer,

"because you didn't die when your grandmother did."

From "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate." By Rt. Rev. H. B. Whipple. Macmillan Company, 1899.

The Fall of Love.

LOVE armored goes from head to toe.
I saw Time's lance one day
Strike at his heart to lay him low—
Love smiled, and went his way.

I saw him when he stood and laughed
At wise men's subtlety
What time against him broke the shaft
Of keen philosophy.

The little darts of Doubt and Pain
Blunted against his breast;
Neglect's dull blade fell all in vain
More useless than the rest.

In turn his foemen bit the dust
Till—one day came a fool
And killed him with a little thrust
Of witless ridicule. Theodosia Garrison.

The Boer Tobacco Fund.

CONTRIBUTIONS to date are as follows:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$129.02
E. B. Cox, Jr.....	10.00
E. B.	10.00
A. E. P.....	5.00
M. C.....	25.00
G. C.....	50.00
Samuel Small, Jr.....	10.00

\$239.02

SPEAKING of love-making, the tendency of beginners is to make more love than they can possibly use in their business.

THE disparity between the promise and the performance of the regular schools of medicine is not altogether unfavorable to the growth of Christian Science and other therapeutic vagaries.



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STUDIES IN DEPRESSION
AN IMITATION OF THE WORK OF THE





All These Made in England.

ALTHOUGH it tells a story based on the cruel necessity of a young woman's going out into the world to make her living as a fashionable dressmaker and from her position becoming the arbiter of the destinies of women of wealth and title, the whole atmosphere of "Frocks and Frills" is one of frivolity. The serious moments are not permitted to interfere with the flippancy of almost every one concerned, and the result is an evening's enjoyment in which one is carried along without intellectual exertion, but with the feeling of being thoroughly amused. The real hero of the piece is *Sir Richard Kettle*, a stuttering baronet, well portrayed by Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, whose inability to declare his l-l-love for the young woman of his choice leads to very dire complications indeed. The merriment of the play is added to by the social rivalries of *Mrs. Martinez*, made rich by the author and breezy and laughable by Alice Fischer, and *Lady Pomeroy*, her antagonist in fashionable leadership, whose comeliness in a disrobing scene is contributed by Dorothy Dorr. Miss Hilda Spong is the heroine dressmaker, a part which makes small call on her abilities.

The real excitement of the play is the setting of the third act, which, although laid in London, is in fact a reproduction of the interior of one of the most fashionable dressmaking establishments on Fifth Avenue. The general air of distinction which pervades the place, the profusion of trim and shapely young woman assistants in black gowns, and finally the method of showing off the high-art productions of the house on living models, lead the mere male spectator to the belief that there may be joys in a woman's shopping not supplied by even the highest-priced men's tailors.

In its entirety, "Frocks and Frills," which is not likely to raise or depress the standard of morals in any community where it may be presented, is highly diverting and passes an evening most agreeably.

SUCH a combination of brains as contributed to the creation of "The Toreador" surely ought to have produced something a little further removed from the conventional musical comedy. Four librettists and two composers admit their complicity, and the result brings to mind the adage concerning too many cooks. The requirements of this kind of entertainment are so well understood and its limitations are so narrow, that we rarely get anything radically bad or phenomenally good; these pieces stick close to a certain standard, and "The Toreador" is no exception to the rule of mediocrity.

Mr. Francis Wilson is ostensibly the star in the rôle of a cockney "tiger" unwillingly forced into assuming the duties and dangers of a Spanish bull-fighter. The plot—what there is of it—hinges on the thoroughly English idea of a confusion of the meaning of the word tiger, and what is required of Mr. Wilson may be readily imagined. To these requirements he adds nothing new, and omits many of the things he usually does—his dancing, for instance.

Mr. Joseph Coyne as a young English baronet supplies most of the fun of "The Toreador," and Miss Christie MacDonald is dainty and attractive. Two or three of the musical numbers are agreeable, but as Miss MacDonald, Miss Hawley and Mr. Broderick are the only members of the company who have any musical ability, the fact that the supply of musical material is scant does not make much difference in the final result. "The Toreador" ranks with some hundred or more other musical productions of its kind; neither very bad nor very good, but calculated to kill an evening for persons who are not too exacting.



NO emotional part—*Camille* excepted—has been assailed by so many actresses of our day as *Magda*. It is full of possibilities, but Mrs. Patrick Campbell puts the possibilities aside and plays it in the line of human probabilities, thereby saving her audience much of the rant and personal eccentricity others have bestowed upon the rôle. An actress may do almost anything with *Magda*, in her dual capacity of woman and successful prima donna, without going beyond the bounds of reason. Mrs. Campbell is wise enough to let discretion take the part of valor, with the result that her portrayal of this character in no way offends and is in many ways more convincing than if she played it in a less subdued key. The impossible problem speech in the last act might seem less impossible if she threw more action and declamation into it, as she might well be tempted to do, but her rendering sets forth clearly the question the author meant to emphasize. The same apparent reserve of power dignifies her work throughout the play.

Mrs. Campbell's more than intelligent rendering of *Magda* entitles her to respectful consideration as something beyond a mere London favorite who has been transplanted to America to rely on curiosity for success. Her presence commands attention and her unusual but attractive personality gains favor. She has an agreeable voice, magnificent eyes and hair, and the gift of personal magnetism. As *Magda* she does not appeal to the emotions in a way to rouse enthusiasm, and it yet remains to be seen whether she possesses that power.

In a not altogether attractive part Mrs. Campbell has shown herself a pleasing and competent artist. Whether she is a great one is left to further demonstration. *Metcalf.*

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music—Spectacular presentation of Hall Caine's "The Christian." Religious melodrama.

Broadway—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Big spectacle, gorgeous and amusing.

Criterion—Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry," by Belasco. Impressive in setting and acting.

Daly's—"Frocks and Frills." See above.

Empire—"The Wilderness." Clever comedy, well presented.

Garrick—"A Message from Mars." Unique and worth seeing.

Herald Square—"Beaucaire," with Richard Mansfield as the hero. Rather thin dramatization of Mr. Tarkington's novel.

Knickerbocker—"The Toreador." See above.

Lyceum—Clyde Fitch's "The Girl and the Judge." Bright and well acted comedy.

Manhattan—Last week of "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," with Mrs. Fiske as the heroine. Very well staged. Worth seeing.

Madison Square—"Sweet and Twenty" and curtain raiser "Romanesques." Former sentimental and goody-goody.

Republic—Mrs. Patrick Campbell in repertoire. See above.

Savoy—"D'Arcy of the Guards," with Mr. Henry Miller as the star. Agreeable play agreeably presented.

Victoria—Otis Skinner and company in "Francesca da Rimini." A good actor in a good play handsomely staged.

Wallack's—Kyrle Bellew and company in "A Gentleman of France." Conventional dramatization of heroic novel. Well presented.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall—Burlesque and vaudeville. Amusing and expensive.



"USE THE BATTLE-AX, MY DEAR. IT WILL BE LESS EXPENSIVE."

Kickers' Column.

TO EDITOR OF LIFE.

Though I suppose I should really have too much contempt for your miserable rag of a paper, yet I really can't help noticing that lying and detestable paragraph which I have noticed in Number 980 of Volume XXXVIII. in LIFE. I enclose the aforesaid paragraph and beg to ask the following questions:

Do the British allow the Boer women and children to die of exposure and starvation?

Does it make your "yellow rag" sell better if you put such caddish lies in?

Do you know anything about the war?

How much are the British spending on Boer refugees?

Where did you get your information from *re* the Boer women and children dying of exposure and starvation?

Did you take the trouble to prove your information and statement? No, you didn't. You allow any lie, adverse to the British, being put in your paper.

Continue, Yankee liar, skunk, and cad, to put in your detestable lies.

I only regret that the King's Regulations forbid me to sign my name, so have to be contented with

British Officer.

SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD FORCE, ORANGE RIVER COLONY,
November 10, 1901.

LIFE's information concerning the deaths in the British reconcentration camps is derived from the published statements of the British War Office.—EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear LIFE: In your number for December 12, you suppose that German William will not hesitate to tell the bungling consort (of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands) what he thinks of him. I can assure you that my countrymen (supposed the story was true)

would not leave to the German Emperor such a fine occasion, but lick the miscreant as thoroughly as our cousins, the Boers, do (with your hearty approval) the Englishmen, who brutalize their wives in Africa.

But the Prince still living, honored and beloved, is the best proof that the story of the Prince's misbehavior is totally invented.

Yours very truly,

R. Tutein Nolthenius.

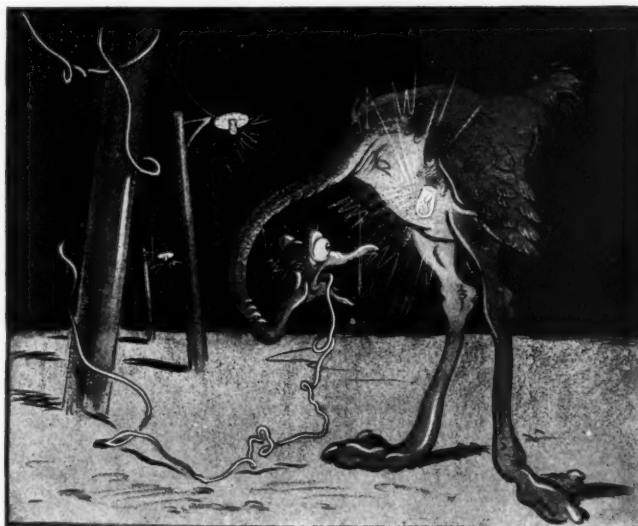
HAARLEM (THE NETHERLANDS), December 19.

Dear LIFE: In the current number I notice an objection to that splendid picture, "Must We Take the Law in Our Own Hands?" The picture was all right. A short time since an acquaintance of mine was driving a rather spirited horse, and had with him his wife and baby. A passing automobile frightened the horse so that it reared and kicked till the driver had his hands full controlling it. The people in the automobile laughed heartily, evidently considering it a great joke that a man and wife and baby should be in danger of serious injury, if not death. The law gives you no redress for such brutality, even if you knew the guilty people. What would you do in such a case?

Yours, etc.,

W. A. S.

FLUSHING, L. I., December 31, 1901.



"GREAT SCOTT! I'VE SWALLOWED THAT ELECTRIC LIGHT, AND THE KEY IS DOWN THERE WITH IT!"

All in Knowing How.



HE: I often wonder how you manage to dash off those exquisite little poems of yours. And what a lot of money you must make!

THE POET: Oh, it's very easy. I sit down, say in January, and think until about August or September. Then in November or December, when the poem is completed, I sell it for five dollars, or sometimes as high as ten dollars.



Through The Phone.

"HELLO! Give me the New York Central Railroad. This the New York Central? I want to talk to the President of the road."

"_____"

"Hello! Is this the President? Say, how about that last accident in your tunnel?"

"_____"

"Ah, I see. You weren't to blame. Everything, you say, was working all right officially. What's that? See the General Manager? Thanks."

"_____"

"Is this the General Manager? Say, how about that accident?"

"_____"

"Oh, yes. You weren't to blame, of course. Signals all right. Fine system. What's that? Division Superintendent? All right."

"_____"

"Is this the Division Superintendent? I want to inquire about that accident."

"_____"

"Not at all. I knew you weren't to blame, of course. You weren't running the engine. All you and the other officials did was to furnish the conditions."

"_____"

"What's that? Engineer's fault? Did he do it on purpose?"

"_____"

"Of course. Certainly. Did it because he thought it was time to have another accident, burn and slaughter a lot of people, himself included. What's that? See the First Assistant? Oh, yes."

"_____"

"First Assistant? Say, how about that accident?"

"_____"

"I see. Engineer's fault. Trying to make up time because he knew he might get bounced if he didn't. Of course. The fool couldn't see in the dark."

"_____"

"Certainly. He's to blame. By the way, where's that engineer?"

"_____"

"In jail? Oh, of course. I forgot. Well, let me congratulate you, and the President, and the General Manager, and the Division Superintendent, and all the other officials. That tunnel is a great success."

"_____"



"S-SAY, F-FIDO, HAVE YOU SEEN MY H-HAT ANY WARES?"

Song of The Bold Bulgarian Brigand.

(Dedicated to Miss Ellen M. Stone.)

I'M an educated brigand of the latest modern brand,
When I goes out abducting, I reaches forth my hand
And grabs a Boston lady, of the age of fifty-three.
I says to her, "Dear Madam, just you come along of me.
Come! Be an auntie to me, and make a good, long stay.
You'll have a cosy corner, and beans three times a day."

I says: "Although a brigand bold, I'm nicer than you think.
While waiting for your ransom, your health we'll daily drink!
And when, my dear Aunt Nellie, our eyes behold the tin,
I'll drop a nickel in your box to save the Turks from sin.
The publishers will cable you, and offer gold galore,
And Major Pond will beckon you unto your native shore."

"I'm an educated brigand, and a first-class modern man!
I'll threaten you with marriage, and help you all I can.
With rumors wild your countrymen I'll daily agitate,
And give 'The Board' a plausible excuse to pass the plate.
A 'Book on Brigands' you can write and make yourself a name.
Oh, isn't this a pious scheme to bring you cash and fame?"

From a Munich Paper.

BENEATH a picture in *Simplicissimus*, showing two British soldiers beside a dead companion in South Africa, is this line:

"They have killed our poor Bob. We will avenge him to-morrow by shooting five of their children."

How vicious these foreign papers are! It is only from English sources that we get the real truth—the pleasant facts. Probably because English accounts are impartial, don't you know.

Never Too Young.

THE CHILD'S FATHER: Doctor, don't you think that baby is too young to submit to an operation?

THE DOCTOR: My dear sir, you can't begin too soon.

Society.



THERE was a splendid performance at the opera last Friday night. Something occurred on the stage, to be sure, but that doesn't matter. Let us endeavor to give some faint idea of the glory in the boxes. There was Mrs. Synchron Koppa.—Yellow satin, with silver trimmings, the corsage ornamented with a cluster of ten-pound rubies; bandeau of diamonds as head ornament.

Mrs. Hardy Snubber.—Mauve satin, with chiffon and lace; hawfers of pearls.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuckon Show.—Mrs. Show in pale pink satin, covered with paving-stone diamonds on the corsage and skirt; aigrette of white feather in coiffure.

Mrs. Gen. Electric and Guests.—White satin, with seventy-volt diamonds and lace; she wore a large boa of white ostrich feathers around both feet.

Mrs. Ollin Bonds.—Beautiful crimson velvet, the front of the corsage ornamented with a large diamond brooch worth about a million dollars, with tassels of the same jewels.

In box 400, with Mrs. Hookairs Enniweigh, were Mrs. Kautious Givvor, Mr. and Mrs. Innittor Dedd and Miss Kossley Shimmer.

In London.

LONDON is in a turmoil. "What is it that it is?" asks monsieur. "The populace are indignant at the retention of the blundering Buller in important command!" we explain, courteously.

The next day it rains. But the day after that London is wild.

"What is it that it is, here-upon?" thus monsieur, again.

"The populace are angry because of dear old Buller having been relieved from his command!" we reply, amazed at his lack of discernment.

"Vraiment!"

Monsieur boasts that these things are ordered more nuttily in France, but we laugh in our sleeves, knowing better.

PLENTY of high explosive seems about all that is necessary to raise the world to the Anglo-Saxon level.



HER SIDE.

"I WISH, MY DEAR, HE HAD MADE HIS MONEY INSTEAD OF INHERITING IT. HE WOULD MAKE YOU A BETTER HUSBAND."

"NONSENSE, PAPA. WHY, THEN HE WOULD KNOW TOO WELL HOW TO KEEP IT."

• LIFE •



THE *Herald* publishes extracts from a calendar issued by Thomas W. Lawson during the holiday season, under the name of "Ticker Talk." Some of the excerpts are as follows:

"There are two kinds of pilots in Wall Street waters—the censed and uncensed. Each is worse than the other.

"When you are long and they're dropping, it's purgatory; when you're short and they're rising, it's hell.

"Nothing succeeds like success"—except inside information.

"Wall Street advice is free, and it is worth it.

"When you gamble in stocks it is you against the world—the mind against millions.

"There are many philosophers in Wall Street, but they're all broke.

"Almost any good mathematical system can beat the ticker to a standstill—before ten and after three.

"If the Garden of Eden had been in Wall Street, Adam would never have got even a bite of the apple.

"Almost all directors of modern trusts are yachtsmen. The reason—trusts' capital affords mooring the year round.

"A lie well told in Wall Street is the truth.

"When Wall Street holds a husking bee insiders get all the red ears.

"A straddle is a sort of half-sister, mother-in-law bride—one of those puzzling creatures who don't know whether to go back to ma, elope with brother-in-law, or settle down and be prim."—*Exchange*.

When coon songs were all the rage in London, Leslie Stuart, the composer of the music of "Florodora," decided to try his talent in composing rag-time music for London music halls.

"I soon mastered the new time to my own satisfaction,"

said Mr. Stuart the other day, "but I was all at sea for titles and subjects for my first song. I secured a map of the United States and found that Idaho was by far the best rhyming State, so in a few days 'My Girl from Idaho' was ready to be sung. I sent it to a popular singer in the music halls, and the audience that heard it first seemed to like it. The next day the following message was sent to the theatre and later turned over to me. It was signed 'An Idaho American,' and read:

"You blasted Englishman, don't you know there isn't a coon in all the State of Idaho? But there are girls in Idaho. They can't shuffle their feet; they can't all sing. But they can shoot, and, gracious, how they'd like to have you for a target."—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

SOME months ago the father of a young man who had recently entered the married state had occasion to dispatch his faithful but somewhat outspoken old servant to his son's residence. When he returned, eager to learn the old man's opinion of the lady, he asked:

"Well, you saw the bride, Thomas?"

"Yigh; Aw seed her."

"She's a very rich lady, Thomas."

"Yigh; so she is, Aw've yerd."

"Well, then, what's your own private opinion, Thomas, eh?"

"Aw think she's a reyt bonny wench to tawk to, as weel as bein' rich and cliver, but, maister, if beauty's a sin, she wain't ha' that to onswer fur!"—*London Spare Moments*.

"I AM the Duke de Bosso."

HOTEL CLERK: Well, so long as you don't get noisy, and pay in advance, we'll let you stay here.

—*Philadelphia Record*.

THE jubilee of the submarine cable recalls a little story of Lord Kelvin, whose inventions, the mirror galvanometer and siphon recorder, made "submarine telegraphy commercially practicable."

At the time Professor Thompson, as he was then, was engaged on his deep-sea soundings work, he was one day discovered by a visitor experimenting with a long coil of wire.

"What is that for?" inquired the visitor, pointing to the wire.

"Making sounds," replied the professor.

"Ah," said the guest, jocularly, "what kind of note does it give off?"

"The deep C, of course," came the answer, like a shot, accompanied by the well-known twinkle in the professor's eye.—*London Express*.

MRS. O'BRIEN: Good mornin', Mrs. McCabe. An' phwat makes yez look so sad?

MRS. MCCABE: Shure, Dennis was sint to th' penitentiary fer six months.

"Well! Shure, don't worry. Six months will soon pass."

"Shure, that's phwat worries me."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

IN the funeral sermon the colored parson said that the deceased brother was now "safe on Abraham's bosom." After the service a member of the congregation said to him:

"How do you know dey's room enough for 'im dar? Ain't dat whar Latherus is?"

"Well," explained the parson, "hit may be dat Latherus is done waked up, en is gwine roun' takin' exercise!"

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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The test is taste, and a taste convinces that it is

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Cloths,
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The Chase & Baker Piano-player is equal to the merits of the Steinertone Piano. It is novel, contains new features that are not in other piano-players, is noiseless, correctly susceptible to expression, accentuates perfectly, and is very handsome in appearance. It costs no more than the instruments of other makers, but is far superior to all of them. **Price \$250.**

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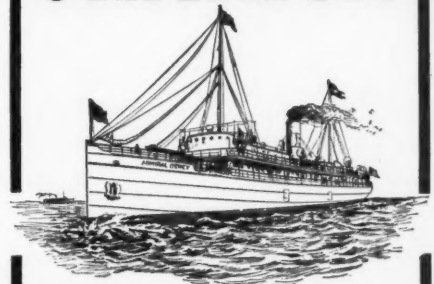
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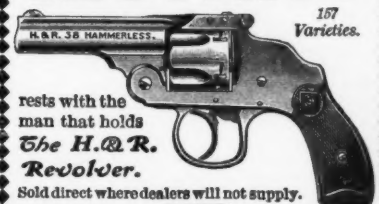


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rests with the man that holds The H. & R. Revolver. Sold direct where dealers will not supply. Harrington & Richardson Arms Co. Makers of H. & R. Single Guns. Catalog for Postal. Dept. 4 Worcester, Mass.

ABBOTT'S THE ORIGINAL ANCOSTURA BITTERS

Most Perfect Block Signals on The New York Central.



"THIS is tough luck," said Ham, mournfully, as he leaned out over the side of the ark.

"What's wrong now?" queried Shem.

"Why, all this water to fish in," replied Ham, "and only two fishin' worms on board."—*Ohio State Journal*.

THE HOUSE COMFORTABLE

Is not really comfortable unless it has telephone service, which is the greatest modern comfort. Rates in Manhattan from \$48 a year. New York Telephone Company, 111 West 38th St., 215 West 125th St.

"DID yez show Casey, the contractor, the Wash'n't'n monnymint?" asked Mr. Rafferty.

"I did," answered Mr. Dolan, "an' he wor deeply imprissed."

"What did he say?"

"He said it wor the tallest one-story buildin' he iver saw!"—*Washington Star*.

THE Santa Fe cordially invites you to spend the winter in California and to use The California Limited train from Chicago. Best train for best travelers.

LA MONTT: I wonder what they are selling over there? I just heard them shouting, "Here's something to catch a man's eye!"

LA MOYNE: H'm! They must be selling ladies' umbrellas.—*Philadelphia Record*.

DELETTREZ, PARIS, VIOLETTES CELESTES is a most delightful odor in high-grade Toilet Soaps and Perfumes. Manufactured and popularized in Paris by Delettrez. Now for sale in this country by your druggists. Ask for it.

"THIS," the salesman said, handing out another package, "is also an excellent substitute for coffee. It is very wholesome. It makes red blood."

"Haven't you something," asked the young woman with the earrings, "that makes blue blood?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE has by reason of its purity and unrivaled bouquet achieved a world-wide reputation.

The neatness of the New England housekeeper is a matter of common remark, and husbands in that part of the country are supposed to appreciate their advantages. A bit of dialogue reported by a New York paper shows, however, that there may be another side to the matter.

"Martha, have you wiped the sink dry yet?" asked the farmer, as he made the final preparations for the night.

"Yes, Josiah," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I did want a drink, but I guess I can get along till morning."—*Youth's Companion*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"THEY claim to be connected with some of the best families."

"By telephone?"—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

It's the fad this winter for golfers to go to California. Best train for best travelers is The California Limited, via the Santa Fe.

BRIDE: Darling, what caused you to pick out Milwaukee as the end of our bridal tour?

GROOM: It was the farthest place I could get a pass to.—*Louisville Evening Post*.

HOTELS CHAMBERLIN and HYGEIA, Old Point Comfort, Va. Face the sea at junction of Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads. No malaria there.

"WERE there any pretty dresses in the play?"

"Oh, yes. The poor deserted wife, who had to take in sewing for a living, suffered agonies in a lovely white silk gown, with chiffon ruffles, and a dream of a pearl-colored plush opera cloak lined with white fur."

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Happy are we met, Happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and Happy meet again."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

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THE PRUDENTIAL GIRL OF 1902.

Among the many beautiful calendars issued for this year, one of the most artistic in richness of color and simplicity of design is that which bears the imprint of The Prudential Insurance Company of America. The calendar proper is on one side of a cardboard, about twelve by ten inches, leaving the other side free for a striking portrait picture in ten colors, in which the effects of an oil painting are reproduced with remarkable fidelity. The picture is that of a young woman, blue-eyed and golden-haired, in a gown of white, with green leaves and scarlet flowers, and set off with a dark purple hat of the Gainsborough style, encircled by a black ostrich plume.

The Prudential has arranged to distribute these calendars, and if you desire one, write to the Home Office of The Prudential, in Newark, N. J., mentioning this paper, and a copy will be sent you by the Company, free of cost.

Life's Anecdote Contest.

LIFE will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best anecdote, FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best anecdote, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best anecdote, subject to the following conditions:

- 1.—Anecdotes must not be longer than five hundred words, typewritten, on one side of paper only.
- 2.—Every anecdote sent in must first have appeared in some book or volume, the contents of which have not been published before its appearance. Anecdotes will not be considered which are taken from the bound volumes of magazines or periodicals of any description.
- 3.—There is no limit to the number of anecdotes that can be sent in by any one person. But no single contributor shall be entitled to more than one prize.
- 4.—Every anecdote must contain in the upper right-hand corner of the first sheet the title of the volume from which it is copied, the name of the publisher and the date of the publication of the volume. Where date is not given, this should be stated by the words ("No date").
- 5.—The contributor's name and address should be written plainly on the back of each manuscript.
- 6.—The anecdotes should be addressed to "Anecdote Editor of LIFE, No. 19 West Thirty-first Street, New York," and should be accompanied in each case by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Otherwise the Editors will assume that in case of rejection the return of the manuscript is not desired, and it will be destroyed.
- 7.—Anecdotes will be read in the order received, and if there are duplicates, only the first will be considered.
- 8.—Any period in the world's history and any language can be drawn from, but if from a foreign language, anecdotes must be translated into English.
- 9.—The following definition from the Century Dictionary will govern the meaning of the word anecdote as applied to this contest:

A short narrative of a particular or detached incident or occurrence of an interesting nature;
a biographical incident; a single passage of a private life.

10.—From the anecdotes received LIFE will publish the best. At the close of the contest the prizes will be awarded to the three contestants who, in the judgment of the Editors of LIFE, have contributed the best three anecdotes.

11.—The contest will close on February 1, 1902.

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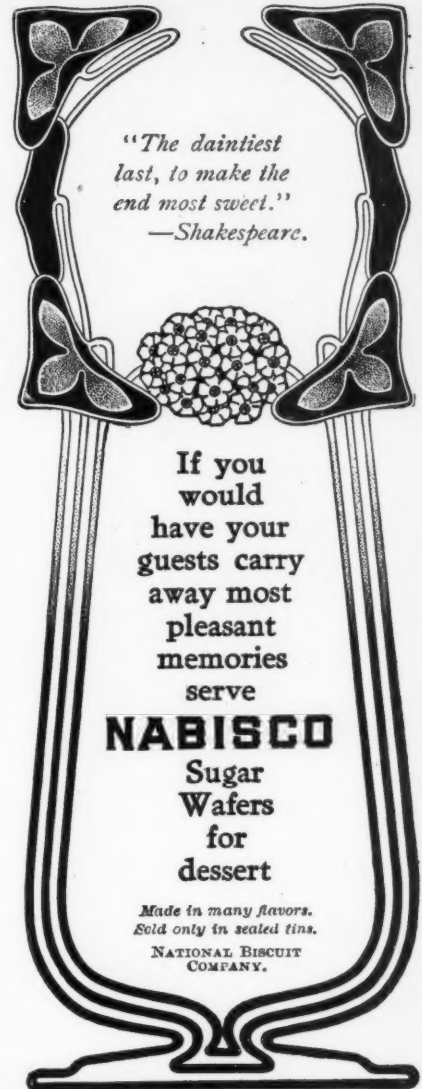
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A DILEMMA.

"THERE NOW, IT'S RAINING. IF I DROP MY SKIRT TO OPEN MY UMBRELLA MY SKIRT WILL GET SPOILED—AND IF I DON'T OPEN MY UMBRELLA MY HAT WILL GET SPOILED!"—(Left thinking it out.) —Moonshine.



"The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet."
—Shakespeare.

If you would have your guests carry away most pleasant memories serve
NABISCO
Sugar Wafers for dessert

Made in many flavors.
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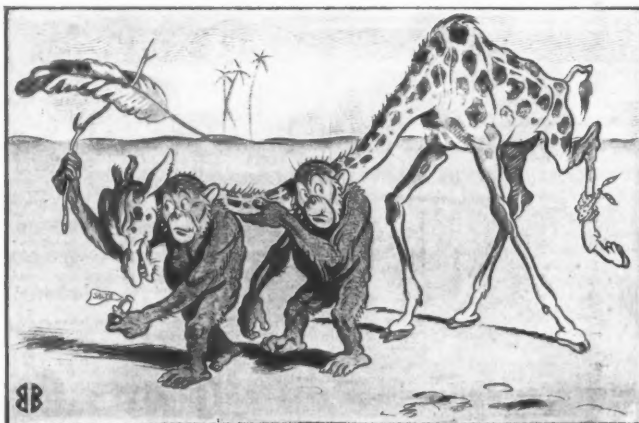
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 Repeat as symptoms
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 Good Health, M. D.



"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
 — Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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